He never comes to me willing.
Dragged to the bed, spread helpless, tied to the canopy-posts,
Each time, to the last he struggles.
(What stubborn hope sustains him? The finish is always the same.)
I always take time to be thorough, arousing him at my leisure,
Experimenting with caresses. He inspires me to be creative:
Always some new technique, lest he evolve defenses.
Amazing how lips affect him, soft bites where the skin lies thin,
While he thrashes, stiffening, groaning.
Inevitable defeat, only prolonged by fighting:
Yet he will never yield.
He always cries out as I take him, slowly as I can bear it,
Savoring every instant.... At times I've taken hours,
Allowed him to faint, revived him with thrusts of deeper pleasure,
Brought him to tortured shrieks of release in pulsing bursts,
And not let him fall 'til I've finished.
Indeed, I have stretched my endurance.
One would think he'd accept defeat, but...
(Impossible creature!) not he.

Why has he made me change?

All else now seems unimportant.
Preparing for each night's pleasure, I build my days around him.
I care for little beside him.
I have sold off most of my slaves, given up my social duties.
All Vulcan begins to bore me.
I grow restless on seeing the stars...
Perhaps I shall sell my holdings and purchase a decent ship.
I would like to see this Earth...
Of course I will take him with me.

Why can't I live without him?

I have come to that chilling knowledge.
(Ah, Mother: avenged at last! Is this what you called 'love'?)
Best I conceal it, and leave.
Yet I think I detect in his eyes a smile of triumphant knowledge.
Does he suspect his defiance has finally conquered me?
How did he know so surely that in time I would come to this?

Why do I feel so certain that in any universe living
I would have found him...and loved?

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